

# HYMN OF EVE,

FROM

*The Oratorio of Abel.*

HOW chearful along the gay mead  
The daisy and cowslip appear!  
The flocks, as they carelessly feed,  
Rejoice in the spring of the year.  
The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,  
The herbage that springs from the sod,  
Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,  
All rise to the praise of my God!

Shall man, the great master of all,  
The only insensible prove?  
Forbid it fair gratitude's call;  
Forbid it devotion and love!  
Thee, Lord, who such wonders canst raise,  
And still canst destroy with a nod,  
My lips shall incessantly praise,  
My soul shall be wrapt in my God!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.